MARVEL® COMICS

SPIDER-MAN®

MAY '96 1

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

VENOM®

THE HUNTED

WHAT

8 ½

PUBLIC ENEMY #1

1 2 3 4

1 1 1 2

JS

THIS IS IT. ROLL THE TAPE AT HALF SPEED.

BACK DOOR OF THE *LIZARD LOUNGE?*

3/9/96 11:56 PM

RIGHT. TRENDY TRIBECA NIGHT-SPOT...

SHE STEPS OUT TO GET SOME AIR...

3/9/96 11:58 PM

AND FIRES UP A COFFIN-NAIL.

HOW APT.

3/10/96 12:01 AM

THERE. SHE SEES HIM.

SHE'S NOT *SURE* WHAT SHE SEES. IT'S NOT REGISTERING AS A *THREAT* YET--

3/10/96 12:02 AM

NOW SHE REALIZES SHE'S IN TROUBLE--

BUT IT'S TOO *LATE!*

3/10/96 12:02 AM

IT TOOK *LESS* THAN HALF A SECOND TO TAKE HER DOWN--

IMAGE IS PRETTY BAD AND BLURRY. CAN WE ROLL FORWARD TO THAT FRAME WHERE THE ATTACKER TURNS TOWARD THE LENS AND BLOW IT UP AND ENHANCE IT?

YOU BLOW UP A BLUR, YOU JUST GET A BIGGER BLUR...

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THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?

THAT COULD BE ANYTHING!

THE PROGRAM CAN ONLY WORK WITH WHAT IT'S GOT, DETECTIVE CLARK--

--YOU KNOW VAS IST GIGO?

YEAH. GARBAGE IN, GARBAGE OUT.

COME ON! LOOK AT THOSE TEETH!

THAT HAS GOT TO BE VENOM! HE'S ON SOME SORT OF SERIAL KILLER RAMPAGE! WHAT IS THIS, THE SIXTH VICTIM IN THREE WEEKS?

WHO ELSE HAS GOT A SET OF CHOPPERS LIKE THAT?

HE WHO EATS

THE DUNKING

100% DOUGHNUT

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I DUNNO, STEEN. THE ENHANCEMENT IS JUST THAT. IT'S A COMPUTER *GUESSING* AND FILLING IN THE BLANKS.

IT COULD BE *ANYBODY!*

IT COULD BE A WACKO IN A *MASK*. IT COULD BE A *SYMBIOTE* LEFT OVER FROM THAT WHOLE *INVASION* WE HAD A WHILE BACK*--

JEEZ, CLARK--*HE ATE HER BRAIN!!!* HOW MANY TIMES HAS THIS PSYCHO *SAID* THAT??

WELL, NOW HE'S GONE AND *DONE* IT!!

*IN THE 1995 *SPIDER-MAN ANNUALS*.--TOM

IT DOESN'T FIT THE PROFILE. *VENOM*, WACKO AS HE IS, *THINKS* HE'S A *GOOD GUY!*

HE'S AS LOOPY AS THE *PUNISHER*, BUT BOTH GUYS THINK THEY'RE ON THE SIDE OF THE *ANGELS!*

WHAT DID THIS VIC EVER DO EXCEPT HAVE TACKY TASTE IN CLOTHES AND HANG OUT IN SLEAZY BARS?

I ALREADY SENT A MEMO UPSTAIRS ON THIS. THE CHIEF IS BRINGING HEAT ON US TO TAKE VENOM DOWN *ASAP!*

WE HAVE THE *GREEN LIGHT* TO USE *EXTRAORDINARY MEANS* TO THAT EFFECT!

WHAT IF HE'S NOT THE ONE? HUH?

WE EXPEND ALL THAT MANPOWER TO TRACK HIM DOWN, WHEN ALL HE'S REALLY BEEN DOING IS CLEANING THE SKELLS OFF THE STREET...

...AND MEANWHILE THE *REAL* KILLER IS UPPING THE BODY COUNT ON INNOCENT VICS!!

I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO MAKE *CHIEF* SOMEDAY!

NOT THAT BAD.

THAT'S ODD...

...THAT LOOKS LIKE THE CORD TO TOBY'S *ELECTRIC CHAINSAW!*

BUT WHAT'S IT DOING PLUGGED INTO THE *BATHROOM* SOCKET-

--AND WHY WOULD HE LEAVE THE CHAINSAW IN THE BATHTUB?

ZZZRRRRR

BILL

TOTALLY *GROSS FX!* LOOKIT ALL THOSE *FINGERS* FLOPPING ON THE FLOOR!

WOW! DO PEOPLE REALLY LOOK LIKE THAT ON THE *INSIDE?*

AW, THIS IS *BOGUS!* HOW COULD THAT SAW STILL BE WORKING IF SHE PULLED OUT THE *PLUG?*

WUZZIT, RUN ON *BATTERIES?*

AND HOW COULD SHE STILL BE HOLLERING IF HER *LUNGS* ARE SMEARED ON THE *WALL?*

LOOK, THIS AIN'T NO FLOPHOUSE, MAN. YOU SAT THROUGH THIS THREE TIMES AND THAT'S THE LIMIT--

NO PROB. JUST HAD A LONG NIGHT AND NODDED OUT. SORRY--

--I DIDN'T MEAN TO CAUSE YOU ANY HASSLE.

HEY, MISTER--!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THIS AND GET YOURSELF A HOT MEAL AND TRY TO GET YOURSELF TOGETHER.

UH-- THANKS! I'LL COME BACK AND REPAY YOU--

FORGET IT. YOU JUST HELP OUT SOMEBODY ELSE, SOMETIME, HUH?

JUST WHEN YOU'RE READY TO WRITE OFF THE WHOLE CITY AS A CESSPOOL OF UNCARING, SELF-CENTERED VERMIN, SOME GLIMMER OF HUMANITY SHINES OUT THROUGH THE SLIME.

A HOT MEAL.

WE SURE COULD USE ONE OF THOSE...

...AND THIS LOOKS LIKE JUST THE PLACE TO GET ONE!

The Daily Grind

HIS NAME IS EDDIE BROCK AND HE USED TO BE A JOURNALIST...

...UNTIL HE MELDED WITH AN ALIEN SYMBIOTE AND BECAME THE HUMAN PART OF A CREATURE NAMED--

VENOM

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

DOCTORS KAFKA AND PAZZO DROVE DOWN FROM RAVEN-CROFT FOR THIS BRIEFING, CLARK--

--AT LEAST GIVE THEM THE COURTESY OF YOUR ATTENTION!

SORRY, STEEN. NOTHING PERSONAL TO DR. KAFKA--I'VE BEEN LOSING A LOT OF SLEEP OVER THIS CASE.

UNDERSTANDABLE, DETECTIVE CLARK. AS I WAS SAYING...

... MY PERSONAL OBSERVATION OF SYMBIOTES IN CUSTODY AT RAVEN-CROFT LEADS ME TO BELIEVE THAT THE SUPERIMPOSITION OF AN ALIEN CONSCIOUSNESS ON AN ALREADY PSYCHOTIC HUMAN PERSONA TENDS TO EXACERBATE THE PSYCHOSES.

IN THE CASE OF A LONG-TIME SYMBIOTIC MELDING AS WITH MR. BROCK, WE CAN EXTRA OLATE A STEADY DRIFT TOWARD A PARANOID/ SCHIZOPHRENIC REALITY-BREAK AND A TENDENCY TOWARD VIOLENT ACTING-OUT.

IN OTHER WORDS, DR. KAFKA, YOU THINK THAT VENOM IS OUR SERIAL KILLER!

THAT SUPPOSITION IS MORE THAN FEASIBLE, DETECTIVE STEEN.

IT DOESN'T FIT THE PATTERN. WHAT IMAGINED EVIL IS VENOM EXPUNGING BY KILLING THESE SEEMINGLY RANDOM PEOPLE?

IT DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT TO ME, EITHER, DR. PAZZO. I JUST DON'T BUY VENOM AS THE PERP!

THERE ARE MANY DOCUMENTED CASES OF POLICE OFFICERS IDENTIFYING WITH THE CRIMINALS THEY PURSUE, DETECTIVE CLARK--

BE THAT AS IT MAY, IT MIGHT BEHOOVE US TO FIND OUT JUST HOW THESE GOOD DOCTORS CAN ASSIST US IN TRACKING DOWN VENOM!

LET'S DO THAT, SHALL WE?

DOES THAT $3.95 MEATLOAF SPECIAL INCLUDE COFFEE?

THAT IT DOES!

THEN THAT'S JUST WHAT I'LL HAVE!

COMING RIGHT UP!

WE NEED TO FIND A WAY TO GENERATE SOME *MONEY*! USED UP OUR LAST EIGHT BUCKS TO GRAB SOME SAFE SLEEP IN THAT MOVIE, BUT NOW WE HAVE TO FIND A NEW PERMANENT HIDEOUT...

...NOW THAT OUR UNDERGROUND *BUNKER* IS COMROMISED*--

* IN VENOM: ALONG CAME A SPIDER.--TOM

HIYA, SHIRLEY! JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP BY AND--

URK!

GRAB AN APRON, BEN--!

DEVON IS HOME WITH THE *FLU* AND I SURE COULD USE YOUR HELP!

AND I COULD USE THE EXTRA MONEY--!

SPIDER-SENSE GOING OFF LIKE CRAZY--!

THAT GUY AT THE *COUNTER*!

HUH? WHERE'D HE GO?

THAT WAS *HIM!* THAT WAS *VENOM* IN HIS *EDDIE BROCK* MODE--

BEN REILLY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WE'VE GOT CUSTOMERS...

I'M FINE, SHIRLEY.

--THIS IS TRISH TILBY REPORTING LIVE FROM THE STEPS OF *POLICE HEADQUARTERS* WHERE DOCTORS KAFKA AND PAZZO OF RAVENCROFT ARE JUST ABOUT TO SPEAK...

OF ALL THE ROTTEN *LUCK!* OF ALL PEOPLE TO RUN INTO!

THAT WAS *SPIDER-MAN!!* OUR WORST *ENEMY!* WE COULD HAVE--

BUT WE *PROMISED* ANN THAT WE WOULD NEVER TRY TO KILL *SPIDER-MAN* AGAIN!

AND *SHE* SAID THAT IF WE COULD SEPARATE INTO *EDDIE* AND THE *OTHER* FOR GOOD--

--SHE MIGHT CONSIDER TAKING *EDDIE* BACK!

YEAH. SOME CHANCE OF *THAT* HAPPENING, HUH?

GET READY TO WADE THROUGH A SOLID PHALANX OF THE *FOURTH ESTATE!*

DR. KAFKA! IF IT'S TRUE THAT YOU HAVE POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED *VENOM* AS THE *BRAIN-EATING KILLER*, WHAT IS YOUR PROJECTION FOR HIS ACTIONS IN THE FUTURE?

OH, I AM PRETTY CERTAIN THAT *VENOM* IS THE MURDERER.

POLICE

UP TILL NOW, MR BROCK HAS BEEN HELD RELATIVELY IN CHECK BY HIS DELUSIONS OF BEING A *HERO.*

BUT THEN, OF COURSE, THE MOST HEINOUS SERIAL KILLERS OF HISTORY FELT THEY WERE CARRYING OUT THE ORDERS OF--

THEN YOU THINK THIS IS JUST THE *BEGINNING?!*

VENOM DOESN'T HAVE TO *SNEAK* AROUND TO MURDER IF HE DOESN'T WANT TO--HE COULD KILL *SCORES* OF PEOPLE ANY TIME HE GETS IT INTO HIS HEAD TO--

1898
VALIUM SET.

I'M DR. PAZZO AND I THINK ALL THIS CONJECTURE IS GETTING OUT OF--

THE *NYPD* ISN'T GOING TO LET VENOM TAKE THE INITIATIVE! THE COMMISSIONER HAS AUTHORIZED THE FORMATION OF A *SPECIAL TASK FORCE* TO BRING *VENOM* TO *JUSTICE!*

THIS IS HORRENDOUS! WHAT IF VENOM ISN'T EVEN THE KILLER?

THAT'S JUST THE QUESTION I'VE BEEN ASKING ALL ALONG! WANNA LET ME BUY YOU A CUP OF BAD COFFEE AND PICK YOUR BRAINS?

HEY! WHAT'S WITH THIS SELF-PITY NONSENSE!

THAT'S FOR MUTANTS AND SUPERHEROES!

WE'RE BEYOND THAT!! SO WHAT IF WE DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY AND WE'RE HUNGRY AND HOMELESS!!

WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!

THERE ARE BRAINS THAT NEED EATING!

ACROSS TOWN...

WE'VE GOT TO PROTECT THE INNOCENTS!!

DONNA! YOU GAVE ME A SCARE FOR A SECOND THERE!

I NEVER HEARD YOU COME IN!

SORRY, ZEENA. GOTTA FINISH PUTTING ON MY FACE SO I CAN GET OUT OF HERE!

I SURE DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN EVER THANK YOU FOR TAKING ME IN WHILE--WHILE I'M GOING THROUGH THESE "PROBLEMS"--

RIGHT!

FORGET IT. WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT, SO WE HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR ONE ANOTHER, RIGHT?

REMEMBER, THE AUTOMATIC DIALER IS SET TO 911. DON'T LET *ANYBODY* IN, YOU HEAR?

NO WAY!

SHE'S SO *NEW* TO THIS, AND SO *NAIVE!*

SHE HAS NO *IDEA* WHAT SHE'S GOTTEN HERSELF INTO..

UNLIKE *ME.*

I JUMPED IN FEET-FIRST OF MY OWN VOLITION.

SO NOW, I HAVE TO SPEND ANOTHER LONG NIGHT--

--SEARCHING!

YO, RUDY! HOW COME WHAT FOR YA KILT DA OLD MAN, HUH...?

MOE'S

I WUZN'T FINISHED BEATIN' ON HIS HEAD WID DIS HERE BAT!

ALL DAT WHIMPERIN' HE WUZ DOIN' WUZ GETTIN' ON MY NERVES, BLITZ!

BLOW AWAY DE UDDER ONE, RUDY! I LIKES TO SEE THEIR LEGS TWITCH!

HUH? WUZZIS? GREEN SLIME DRIPPIN' FROM DA CEILIN'?

--THAT'S SLOBBER!

THAT'S NOT SLIME, MAGGOT--

URGH!!

HEY, JULIO! MIRA WHAT'S GOIN' DOWN IN THE BODEGA!!

I DIN'T KNOW YOU COULD BEND NOBODY THAT WAY!

NASTY!

WANTED

ENOM

LEMME SEE!!!

I KNOW WHO THAT IS, DOIN' ALL THAT VIOLENCE, MAN--!!

THAT'S THAT CHEERIO-KILLER THEY ALL TALKIN' ABOUT!

KEEE-RASH

RUN!!

DON'T THEY KNOW I'M ON THEIR SIDE?

MINSTREL BOY

I DON'T KNOW QUITE HOW TO ASK THIS, BUT AREN'T YOU A LITTLE *OFFENDED* BY THE *NAME* OF THIS PLACE?

COME AGAIN? *OH!* NEVER THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY--IT'S AN OLD IRISH BALLAD...

♪ THE MINSTREL BOY TO THE WAR IS GONE, IN THE RANKS OF DE-ATH YE SHALL FIND HIM! HIS FATHER'S SWORD HE HAS GIRDED ON, AND HIS WILD HARP SLUNG BE-HIIIIIND HIM! ♪

THEY PLAY IT ON BAGPIPES AT DEPARTMENT FUNERALS.

YOU'RE A GOOD IRISH TENOR!

SERIOUSLY--YOU DEALT WITH ANOTHER SYMBIOTE UP CLOSE; *CARNAGE*. WHAT'S YOUR REAL UNVARNISHED TAKE ON THIS WHOLE MESS?

I GOT TO KNOW *CARNAGE* A LOT BETTER THAN *VENOM*. TWO DIFFERENT ANIMALS THERE.

SAME STRAIN OF SYMBIOTE, BUT IT IS NOW APPARENT WITH THE MYRIAD DIFFERENT SYMBIOTES WE DEALT WITH DURING THE *INVASION*...

..THAT THE HUMAN HOST GREATLY AFFECTS THE COMPOSITE SYMBIOTIC ENTITY THAT IS PRODUCED BY THE MELDING OF THE TWO SPECIES!

SO, DOES THAT MEAN THAT VENOM COULD BE THE KILLER?

I DOUBT IT. THE *EDDIE BROCK* IN *VENOM* STILL THINKS OF HIMSELF AS A CHAMPION OF THE INNOCENT. HOW DOES THAT JIBE WITH SLAUGHTERING A GIRL AT A DISCO? BECAUSE SHE WAS SMOKING?

I SUSPECT KAFKA IS GIVING THE SPIN THAT WILL GENERATE THE MOST FUNDING FOR RAVENCROFT!

FUNNY. I SUSPECT *STEEN* HAS CO-OPTED MY AMBITION TO BE *CHIEF!*

NOW THIS IS A TASK BEST HANDLED BY MY NEW *CIRCULAR SAW!*

WAITAMINUTE! THIS ISN'T IN THE SCRIPT--!

THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY! JUST HOLD THAT BOARD DOWN ON THE TABLE, AND WATCH YOUR *FINGERS!*

I LOVE WHEN THIS HAPPENS!

LOOK, JUST BE *CAREFUL!*

CLICK

RIGHT! BE CAREFUL! HA!

GGZZAARR

HEEEEEELP!

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG--

THIS IS JUST THE THING TO MAKE ME FORGET MY *PROBLEMS.*

BOY, AM I GLAD DONNA *FOUND* ME!

AT THE MINSTREL BOY...

NOBODY HAS TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION THE TERRIBLE *STRESS* OF BEING A FUGITIVE, THE TOTAL FEELING OF ALIENATION AND PARANOIA, THE CONSTANT FEELING OF BEING MISUNDERSTOOD, THE RAGE AT *SPIDER-MAN*--

ALL THIS WITH THE UNKNOWN FACTOR OF THE *OTHER*--WHO KNOWS THE PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECT?

THE ELECTRO-CHEMICAL EFFECT? HOW DOES THE *OTHER* AFFECT THE CHOLINESTERASE?

WHAT IF IT TRIGGERED SCHIZOPHRENIA, OR A MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER?

WHOA! BACK UP A BIT! ARE YOU SAYING HE MAY NOT EVEN KNOW HE'S DOING THIS *HIMSELF*?

THERE IS A SCENARIO THAT WORKS FOR *VENOM* BEING THE SERIAL KILLER. A SCENARIO THAT STILL JIBES WITH HIS ESTABLISHED SELF-IMAGE.

WHAT IF HE STARTED ACTING OUT AS A SEPARATE AND DISTINCT PERSONALITY AND THE ORIGINAL PERSONALITY HAD NO IDEA--

HE MIGHT BE HAVING BLACKOUTS. HE MIGHT WAKE UP THE MORNING AFTER A MURDER AND NOT REMEMBER A THING--

THE NEXT ROUND IS ON *ME*!

AND *CONGRATULATIONS* ARE DUE!

THE *MAYOR* SAW MY SEGMENT WITH TRISH TILBY AND AUTHORIZED *HELICOPTERS* FOR THE *TASK FORCE*!

THIS *MANHUNT* JUST TURNED INTO A *TURKEY SHOOT*!

POW!

911 OPERATOR. NAME AND ADDRESS PLEASE--

PLEEEEASE!! HEEEEELP MEEEE! HE'S KIIIILLING MEEEE!

HEEEEELLP MEEEEE!!

THIS IS NOT A PRANK--GET ME A CALLER I.D. TRACE ON THIS CALL AND SEND A PATROL UNIT OVER THERE!

GOT A NEW SAW, HUH? HOW MANY STITCHES?

HELLO? I NEED YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS--

HELLO? HELLO?? SAY SOMETHING!!

EEEEEE

SPLATCH

CHOKE

CRACK

SPOT

OH, LORD HELP HER!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

MAN, WE'VE *HAD* IT WITH THIS LIFESTYLE!

WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF A WAY TO MAKE SOME LEGITIMATE *INCOME* AND *REINVENT* OURSELF!

AND I WISH I COULD GET OVER THIS NAGGING FEELING THAT WE'RE *FORGETTING* SOMETHING...

YOU THERE! ON THE ROOF! *FREEZE!!*

WHAT THE--?

THAT'S *HIM!* WE HAVE A POSITIVE *VISUAL I.D.--!*

--SHOULD WE CIRCLE AND KEEP HIM UNDER OBSERVATION OR DO WE HAVE PERMISSION TO *ENGAGE* WITH *DEADLY FORCE?*

YOU HAVE A *GREEN LIGHT!* TAKE HIM *DOWN!*

NYPD

ROGER THAT!!

RATATATATAT

KA-THAMM

HEY! MAYBE I WAS A LITTLE ROUGH ON THOSE CREEPS WHO SHOT THAT GROCER, BUT ISN'T THIS A BIT OF OVERREACTION!

TO BE CONTINUED...

ONE OF NEW YORK CITY'S MOST DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOODS.

AND THIS IS THE BAD SIDE OF TOWN... THE WORST OF THE WORST.

I'VE BEEN HERE, WATCHING HIM, FOR TEN MINUTES.

THUP THUP THUP

HE'S OBVIOUSLY BEEN HERE A LOT LONGER.

HUFFING AND PUFFING. RUNNING IN CIRCLES. ACTIVELY TRYING TO LOOK GUILTY.

AND I WANT TO KNOW WHY.

THUP THUP THUP THUP

WAIT--NOW HE'S STOPPING?

LOOKING UP AT ONE OF THE ABANDONED BROWNSTONES, AND... SHRUGGING?

AS IF TO SAY, "NOW WHAT?"

NOW WHAT, INDEED...

$@#^ IT!

AGAIN, BOY.

JUST KEEP GOING AROUND THE BLOCK TILL WE TELL YOU OTHER-WISE.

AND DON'T LOOK AT US!

ESIGHE

FINE...

...ANOTHER FIVE HUNDRED...

THUP THUP

THUP THUP

I DUNNO, TROOPS...

...THIS MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN THE BEST PLAN, AFTER ALL.

WE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING BETTER, SIR, DID WE?

I MEAN, ALL WE HAVE TO GO ON IS THAT THIS HYBRID GUY LIKES TO HIT THE "EAZY X" GANG ... HARD.

WHICH MEANS WE'VE GOT AN ALIEN SYMBIOTE BONDED WITH A HARDENED GANG MEMBER... NOT A NICE THOUGHT.

THUP THUP THUP THUP

WELL, I'M JUST WORRIED THIS KID'LL GET PICKED OFF BY A RIVAL GANG MEMBER BEFORE WE HAVE A CHANCE TO REACT.

HE'S SUCH AN EASY TARGET DOWN THERE.

OR WHAT IF THE COPS--

THUP THUP THUP THUP

THE COPS DON'T COME OUT THIS FAR, SWEETMEAT.

AND BESIDES, WHAT KINDA BAIT WOULD THIS PUNK BE IF HE WASN'T AN "EASY TARGET"?

THUP THUP THUP THUP THUP THUP THUP

YEAH, WELL, I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT US DYIN'... OF BOREDOM!

THIS IS THE THIRD NIGHT'A THIS $#*%, MAN... IT OBVIOUSLY AIN'T GONNA HAPPEN!

THUP THUP THUP THUP THUP THUP THUP

MMM... I'M STARTING TO AGREE WITH YOU, BOMBLAST. MAYBE IT'S TIME TO PACK IT IN.

IF THE SO CALLED "TERROR OF BROOKLYN" HASN'T SHOWN UP BY NOW...

"...HE OBVIOUSLY AIN'T GOING TO."

SCREE

FAINT VOICE, RIGHT BELOW ME--FROM THE WINDOW THE KID WAS LOOKING AT.

SOMEONE'S OBVIOUSLY TRYING TO SET SOMEONE ELSE UP.

A LITTLE SYMBIOTE DISTENSION...

...AND WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN SEE.

JURY-RIGGED JUSTICE
PART ONE: FEAR AND LOATHING

BRIAN STOKLEY AND JOE KELLY
ED MCGUINNESS - PENCILLER
MARK MACKENNA - INKER
LEE LOUGHRIDGE - COLORIST
TOM ORZECHOWSKI - LETTERER
ALAN DUTTER - COVER ARTIST
GLENN GREENBERG - ASST. EDITOR
JOE JOHNSON - EDITOR
BOB HARRAS - EDITOR IN CHIEF

IMAGING ISN'T EXACTLY *PERFECT*, BUT GOOD ENOUGH TO MAKE OUT--

OH MY GOD-- *GUARDSMEN!*

THIS TRAP WAS SET FOR *ME!*

THEY'VE FINALLY *TRACKED* ME AND THE SYMBIOTES *DOWN!*

I SHOULD'VE *KNOWN* THEY'D FIND ME, ESPECIALLY WITH ALL THE *MEDIA ATTENTION* I'VE BEEN GETTING AS *HYBRID* LATELY!

I'LL HAVE TO *MOVE OUT* OF THE HOUSE, TO PROTECT *MOM* --GO UNDERCOVER BEFORE THEY *FIND* ME!

WAIT--WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?!*

Guardsmen

pain

torture

evil

revenge!

NO--DON'T--!

HURRGK

suffering

cruelty

imprisonment

revenge!

TSSSH

NO! NO!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE-- THEY'LL SWARM ALL OVER US!

TARGET ACQUIRED, CODE RHUUNHH!

I'VE NEVER SEEN THE SYMBIOTES ACT THIS WAY!

BRUTAL, VICIOUS, MURDEROUS--I CAN'T CONTROL THEM!

WHAT'S SET THEM OFF LIKE THIS?

GOT TO FIGURE IT OUT--GOT TO THINK BACK...

THRANKK

...TO BEFORE I EVER *BECAME* HYBRID...

...BACK WHEN I WAS JUST *SCOTT WASHINGTON*--OTHERWISE KNOWN AS *GUARDSMAN NUMBER SIX*...

...WORKING AT THE *VAULT*, GUARDING DANGEROUS SUPER-CRIMINALS LIKE ORKA AND KLAW...

...AND MAKING *FRIENDS* WITH GUYS LIKE *VANCE ASTROVIK*, THE HERO WHO CALLS HIMSELF *JUSTICE* AND LEADS THE *NEW WARRIORS*.

THAT IS, UNTIL I WAS *TRANSFERRED* TO TOP SECRET TESTING FACILITY NUMBER TWELVE, UP IN NEW YORK'S ADIRONDACKS...

Keep both feet on the ground Vance

...STANDING GUARD WHILE CRUEL, INHUMANE *EXPERIMENTS* WERE BEING CONDUCTED ON FOUR OF *VENOM'S SYMBIOTE OFFSPRING!*

THEY MANAGED TO *BREAK FREE* AND JOIN TOGETHER INTO A FOUR-SYMBIOTE *HYBRID*... AND *THEN* THEY JOINED WITH *ME!*

THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED THEY WEREN'T *EVIL*. JUST *SCARED*.

AND SO WHEN I GOT A CHANCE TO CUT OFF THEIR ONLY *ESCAPE* ROUTE...I *LET THEM GO* INSTEAD.

AND *BECAUSE* OF THAT DECISION, I *LOST* MY GUARDSMAN JOB AND ENDED UP BACK HERE IN BEDFORD-STUYVESANT.*

*ALL FROM VENOM: ALONG CAME A SPIDER #1!

HI TOM!

B.K. WUZ HERE

COVERT ACTION

THEN... THERE WAS THAT HORRIBLE DAY...

...THE DAY MY BROTHER *DEREK*, OUR FRIEND *DWIGHT SIMMS* AND I RAN AFOUL OF SOME *EAZY X* GANG-BANGERS ON A *BASKETBALL COURT.*

THAT NIGHT, THEY CAME TO OUR *HOUSE* WITH THEIR MASKS *DOWN*... AND THEIR GUNS *DRAWN.*

I LOST MY LITTLE *BROTHER* THAT NIGHT... *AND* THE USE OF MY *LEGS.*

MAYBE IT WAS MY *DESPAIR* THAT DREW THEM TO ME, I DON'T KNOW...

...BUT THE HYBRID *SYMBIOTES* FOUND *ME.*

THEY NEEDED A *HUMAN HOST* TO *SURVIVE*... AND THEY WANTED IT TO BE *ME.*

IT WAS *LATER* THAT I REALIZED I WANTED IT, *TOO.*

BECAUSE THEY GAVE ME THE ABILITY TO *WALK* AGAIN... AND MUCH *MORE.*

THE ABILITY TO *PAY* THE EAZY X GANG *BACK* FOR DEREK'S *MURDER*...

...AND TO TRY AND *CLEAN UP* THIS GOD-FORSAKEN GHETTO!*

HEY, SMUCKERS-SKIN...

EH?

*FROM VENOM: ALONG CAME A SPIDER #2-#4!

...OPEN WIDE!

SHRAAK

SONICS!

NO MORE TIME TO FIGURE THIS OUT--

--JUST HAVE TO STAY ALIVE!

RIGHT BACK ATCHA!

SHEIK

SHEIK

SHEIK

WHAT THE--?! HER ARMOR'S GOLD, NOT GREEN-- CONFIGURATION'S ALL WRONG--

--SHE'S NO GUARDSMAN!

WHO THE #@%% ARE THESE GUYS? WHY ARE THEY AFTER ME?

HUNNH!

KRAKK!

DID YOU SEE THAT? HE SHOT AT ME!

WHY DIDN'T INTELLIGENCE INFORM US-- AIEEE!

THEY'RE STILL MOVING!

TRYING TO PRY OFF MY SONIC GAUNTLETS!

GET OFF!

SKRAAAAK

SCREEEEEEE

GWAPP

YEE-HA! WE GOT OURSELVES A FISH IN A BARREL, BOYS!

SO LET'S SMOKE 'IM! GET IT? SMOKED FISH?

AAH, YOU GUYS SUCK ANYWAY...

WHA'THE %*¢#...?

IS THAT STUFF... MOVIN'?

EEAAARGH!

SHRAAAAAAK

YEAAAH!

EAT IT, YOU SYMBIOTE MOTHER!

SCREEEEEEEEEEE

TARGET SUBDUED, JUSTIFIER.

READY FOR PICK-UP.

ROGER THAT. ETA THIRTY SECONDS.

KEEP AN EYE ON HIM...

...MIGHT BE PLAYING POSSUM.

I... WISH.

CAN'T MOVE... CAN BARELY STAY CONSCIOUS...

...NEED HELP... HAVE TO... REACH OUT...

...REACH OUT... HELP... REACH... OUT...

...DWIGHT... DWIIIIII...

COULD'A SWORE THAT PILE A'5#*% WAS MOVIN'.

MEBBE IF I GIVE IT A POKE--

HO $#*%!

THL

IT AIN'T JUS' MOVIN'...

...IT'S CRAWLIN' DOWN THE STINKIN' STREET!

SHLIK SHLUP

HEY, THE KID'S BOLTIN!

THA'S IT, I'M AUDI!

LET HIM GO-- IT'LL SAVE US PAYING HIM THAT LAST FIVE HUNDRED!

BESIDES, WE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR... FRAGGED, TAGGED AND BAGGED.

GOOD JOB, PEOPLE. CHALK UP ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL MISSION FOR THE JURY!

BEERS ARE ON ME, AFTER WE GET THIS SLIME-BAG PREPPED FOR HIS TRIAL!

SHLIP

SHLAKCH

SOMETIME LATER...

...A SMALL, DYING ALIEN LIFE FORM SLOWLY, PAINFULLY APPROACHES BEDFORD-STUYVESANT'S TUBMAN HOUSING PROJECT...

SHRINK SHRINK

...ITS RUDIMENTARY INTELLIGENCE GUIDING IT TO ONE PARTICULAR ROOM, IN ONE PARTICULAR HIGH-RISE...

...THE BEDROOM OF A YOUNG MAN NAMED DWIGHT SIMMS.

SHUNK SHUNK

AAAAA!

SHUNK

SHUNK

WHAT IN THE--HOLY $#*%!

IT'S A LIVING PIECE OF SCOTT'S HYBRID SYMBIOTES!

HE MUST BE IN TROUBLE!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG? WHERE'S SCOTT?

LOOK AT ME-- TALKIN' TO A PILE A CRAP.

THIS IS LIKE A BAD EPISODE OF "LASSIE"...

..."WHAT'S THAT, GIRL? BILLY FELL INTO THE SEPTIC TANK?"

I MEAN, EVEN IF YOU COULD LEAD ME TO WHERE HE IS, HOW'M I GONNA BE ABLE TO HELP HIM, ANYWAY?

HE'S GOT ALL THESE POWERS, AND I GOT--

WAIT--I KNOW WHAT I GOT!

SOMEWHERE IN THIS BLASTED MESS...

...COME ON, COME ON...

THERE IT IS!

THE NEW WARRIORS HOTLINE NUMBER!

THAT JUSTICE GUY GAVE THESE CARDS TO ME AND SCOTT AFTER THEY BROKE UP THAT EAZY X SUPER-ARMOR OPERATION!*

NEW WARRIORS HOTLINE

(212) 555-0321

*IN VENOM: ALONG CAME A SPIDER#1-#4!

HE SAID IF WE EVER NEEDED ANYTHING, JUST CALL.

ONLY CHANCE WE GOT...

BEEP BREEP BOOP BEEP

YOU HAVE REACHED THE NEW WARRIORS EMERGENCY LINE.

UNFORTUNATELY, NO ONE IS AVAILABLE TO TAKE YOUR CALL RIGHT NOW...

$#*%!

...BUT IF YOU'LL STATE YOUR NAME, TELEPHONE NUMBER AND THE NATURE OF THE EMERGENCY, YOUR MESSAGE WILL BE FORWARDED TO THE APPROPRIATE

SORRY, SCOTT... LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, MAN!

SOMEWHERE HIDDEN UNDER THE BRONX...

--A JOB WELL DONE, SENTRY.

I KNOW FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE HOW DANGEROUS THESE SYMBIOTES CAN BE.

WHAT CAN I SAY, MS. LENTZ? WE LIVE TO SERVE.

HEAR THAT? WE GET A GOLD STAR FROM MADAM PROSECUTOR.

WHOOP-DEE-FLIPPIN'-DOO...

WH-WHERE AM I...?

HEAR... A FAMILIAR VOICE. WHO... ARE THEY?

WHY HAVE... THEY CAPTURED ME?

MY SYMBIOTES ARE TOTALLY SUPPRESSED ...AND I'M TOO WEAK TO ASK WHY... OR HOW...

HOW'S THE PROSECUTION CASE SHAPING UP?

NOT BAD. STILL HAVE PLENTY OF RESEARCH TO DO, WITNESSES TO DIG UP...BUT OVERALL, I'M OPTIMISTIC.

THE HUMAN AND THE ATTACHED SYMBIOTE WILL BE TRIED SEPARATELY. I THINK I CAN FRY BOTH.

THE SYMBIOTE IS OF A RACE THAT'S REPEATEDLY DEMONSTRATED HOSTILITY AGAINST ALL HUMANS.

I INTEND TO CONVINCE THE GAVEL TO ALLOW ME TO PROSECUTE THIS ALIEN SYMBIOTE FOR ALL HIS SPECIES' CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY.

AND AS FOR THE HUMAN UNDERNEATH, HE'S OBVIOUSLY A KNOWN STREET GANG MEMBER--

WHAT?!

--AND HOW HARD COULD IT BE TO GATHER EVIDENCE AGAINST SOMEONE AS SLOPPY AS THAT?

THEY'RE TALKING LIKE POLICE... LAWYERS... READYING FOR A TRIAL...

...BUT THIS SURE AS #@%% AIN'T LIKE ANY COURT BUILDING I'VE EVER SEEN...

WE'RE READY, MS. LENTZ.

GOOD. LET'S DO IT.

TEK

HYAAAAAAAHRRR!

SOME KIND OF ELECTRO-STATIC PUMPS--TRYING TO TEAR ME AND THE SYMBIOTES APART!

BUT WE'RE PERMA-NENTLY BONDED--CAN'T SURVIVE SEPARATION--

BRZZZZAPP

AAAIIEEEEEE

WELL, WELL... WHAT DO YOU KNOW.

LOOKS LIKE YOU JURORS REALLY EARNED YOUR KEEP TONIGHT... FOUR SYMBIOTES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE--

SOMETHING'S WRONG, MS. LENTZ!

THEIR MINDS, THEIR BODIES-- THEY'RE TOO BLENDED!

NONE OF THEM WILL SURVIVE THIS SEPARATION PROCESS!

SHUT IT DOWN, THEN!

THEY'RE HERE FOR A TRIAL, THEN AN EXECUTION, REMEMBER?

SO WHAT, SENTRY?

JUST MEANS LESS PAPER-WORK FOR EVERYONE TO WORRY ABOUT.

KEEP IN MIND THAT THIS IS HYBRID'S ARRAIGNMENT-- NOTHING MORE.

IF THE SEPARATION PROCESS HAPPENS TO KILL THEM...

"...THEN I GUESS WE HAVE OUR VERDICT, DON'T WE?"

NEXT:

BAD MEMORY!